

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THE DEMAND FOR MONEY THE TROUBLE.

An extraordinary demand for ready cash is said to have led to the wholesale selling of stocks which later resulted in the slump that has been doing up Wall Street. Three transactions occurred in New York last week, says the Philadelphia Record, that have a very direct bearing upon current events in the stock market, and no small significance for the general business of the country—a significance on the whole favorable, though not without some drawbacks. The Burlington Railroad company borrowed \$5,000,000 at 6 per cent; the Union Pacific borrowed \$10,000,000 on notes to run eighteen months at 5 per cent, but on a 6 per cent basis; the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis Railroad company borrowed \$1,000,000 for a year at 7 per cent. In other words, money commands a higher price, and promises to do so for a year or two, than it has been commanding. The favorite investment stocks have been going down not because any one doubted the security, but because no one was willing to pay prices for them that would yield less than 4 per cent and they have been taken up at prices which yield 5 per cent or better. Municipalities which are issuing bonds find it almost impossible to get money at 3½ per cent and difficult to get it at 4, and some of them have raised their offers one-half per cent. It is believed that a good deal of the selling of favorite investment securities is not due to a bear raid, but to the opportunities large holders have of selling securities that pay barely 4 per cent and buying others which will pay 6 or 7.

But in the estimation of financial writers generally dividend stocks are still too high, while non-dividend and watered stocks must go to a panic level of things. All securities including those of railroads, have been subjected to a severe squeezing process since the beginning of the present month. It is the verdict of many shrewd business men that they are still too high when their dividend paying qualities are taken into consideration.

The amount of railway capital outstanding on June 30, 1902, was \$12,124,182,964. This amount, on a mileage basis, represents a capitalization of \$62,301 per mile of line. Of the total capital \$6,324,201,295 existed in the form of stock, of which \$4,722,056,120 was common stock and \$1,602,145,175 preferred stock. The amount which existed in the form of funded debt was \$6,109,981,669. This amount comprised the following items: Mortgage bonds, \$5,213,421,911; miscellaneous, \$564,794,588; income bonds, \$242,556,745; and equipment trust obligations, \$89,208,425. The amount of current liabilities which is not included in the foregoing figures, was \$648,176,194, or \$3,328 per mile.

The amount of capital stock paying no dividends was \$2,636,56,614, or 44.30 per cent of the total amount outstanding. Omitting equipment trust obligations, the amount of funded debt which paid the interest was \$294,175,243.

KANSAS POLITICS AND PROSPERITY.

III City is in Graham county, away in the center of shortgrassdom. A. E. Kearns, one of Graham county's most prominent men, in an interview on Monday declared that Roosevelt will carry Kansas next year by a majority of from 30,000 to 30,000 votes. The state, and especially the Sixth congressional district, in which he lives, he says, was never so prosperous as it is today. Kansas farmers believe, he says, that if Roosevelt is elected to succeed himself the era of prosperity will continue.

"A year ago we used to say that Populists were scarce in our part of the state. Now even Democrats are hard to find. Prosperity is making Republicans of them. Why, our wheat crop in Graham county is so heavy that it requires twice the usual amount of binding twine per acre to harvest it."

III City is the home of D. J. Hanna, lieutenant governor of Kansas. Mr. Kearns says Hanna acts like a man who would like to go to congress. He believes the lieutenant governor will be a candidate to succeed Congressman Reeder of the Sixth district when the latter's term expires.

COLORADO THE CHAMPION GRAFTER.

Charles Finch, the editor of the Lawrence Gazette, in endorsing the Eagle's estimate of Colorado as a successful grafter, supplies a few additional holdups, as follows:

"The Wichita Eagle, remarking on the Colorado grafters, says that the only things that are free out there are sunshine and air, and that the air is underweight. It might have noted also that the sunshine never lasts but a little while. About the cheapest thing a man can find out there is beer, and it is the worst on earth. Water is measured by the spoonful, and if a man takes off his hat he is charged rental for the space it occupies while not on his head. Colorado is the champion grafter state of the Union."

So profitable has grafting proved to Denver, Colorado Springs and other influential and leading resorts that grafting has been ingrafted in the statutes of that up-and-down, rock-ribbed commonwealth. Its game and fish laws are prohibitive for everybody save the wealthy and poachers. Last summer a boy tourist was stuck for fifty dollars, costs and fine, for having in his possession a sage hen given him by a camper who was a stranger to the victim. But for the volume of money poured into Colorado annually, by tourists, through the efforts largely of the railways, that state would be up against bankruptcy good and hard.

THE HEALTH FOOD FAD.

New fangled health foods have been so numerously thrown upon the markets of late, and so persistently advertised, as to have become with many a fad. Whether they possess the merits claimed for them, there is no doubt that they serve a useful purpose in supplying people with something to eat which is what it purports to be. These foods are nourishing; that cannot be doubted, and they are probably fat and heat producers and muscle builders, as their inventors claim. They probably, moreover, take the place, largely, of other foods which are adulterated with the plain purpose of deceiving the purchaser.

But for the adulteration fraud, perhaps, the people would not feel the need of "health foods." Take corn meal, for instance. It is no longer the nourishing food it used to be. In the new process of grinding and "bolting" the meal, the essential elements of food, are taken from it, for it is deprived of the gluten and carbonates. Wheat flour, even though unadulterated, contains less of nutriment than it formerly did when it was ground between stones and was coarsely "bolted." Vegetables and meat cannot very well be adulterated, but there are few articles of food that are sold in a prepared or semi-prepared condition which are what they purport to be.

The so-called "health foods," under a great variety of names, are sold for what they are. One may be composed of nothing but bran and molasses mixed and baked, but it passes on the market under the high-sounding name which has been given it, and so long as it is pleasant to the taste and gives nutriment to the person who eats it, there is nothing of false pretenses in its sale. Congress may some time put an end to the wholesale frauds of adulteration, and then the people will get what they pay for.

LEO'S WONDERFUL HEART ENGINE.

Dr. Laponi, the distinguished and devoted physician of the pope, is quoted as saying of his great patient's case that any one who reflected upon the work the heart of a man 93 years old had done must understand that in disease and general weakness of the body it must soon grow so tired that it would stop forever. Then the heart of the pope was beating about ninety times a minute, but in ordinary health Leo XIII had a slow pulse, and it is probable that the average number of contractions of his heart, through his long life, has been about seventy to the minute.

That means, roughly speaking, 100,000 times a day, or more than 36,000,000 pulsations in a year. Every ten years the number of beats would be about 365,000,000, and in Pope Leo's lifetime his heart must have contracted and filled nearly 3,500,000,000 times, which means more than twice for every human being on the globe.

These are tremendous figures. When numbers run into billions the average mind finds them too big to be understood. And the heart of a man is only about the size of his fist. It usually weighs between half a pound for the smallest to three-quarters of a pound for a large body. But twice a minute, or a little oftener, this small organ forces through its chambers all the blood of a man or woman. In six minutes the blood pumped weighs as much as the whole body. Every hour ten times the weight of the heart's owner is driven through his veins, and this work never stops.

Pope Leo's heart had worked far beyond the usual limit of endurance, worked ever regularly and energetically. No wonder it grew so feeble at the last that the doctors could hardly determine whether it had ceased or was still beating.

THE DOINGS OF A KANSAS TORNADO.

Kansas floods are the biggest, Kansas tornadoes the most energetic, Kansas droughts the driest, Kansas summers the hottest, and Kansas blizzards the coldest on earth, when once the eastern writer has enlivened upon the Kansas newspaper's report of these calamities, respectively. Still, death by flood, tornado or blizzard is exceptional, and snafus never occur. Here is the latest story on Kansas from the New York Tribune:

"They had a tornado out in Kansas recently, and the usual stories are beginning to put in their appearance in the Kansas papers. That state has a new settler since the last whirlwind, however, for three new stories have come to light. One tells of a farmer who was ploughing when the big wind struck him. What became of the rustic is omitted, but the tornado caught the plough in its vortex and whirled it round and round until the entire field had been nicely ploughed. Another farmer had a lot of corn stored in a bin. In the side of the bin was a knot-hole. The tornado caught the corn and drove the cobs through the knot-hole, shelling the corn and leaving it in a pile on the floor. The third story is about a wagon which was standing in another farm yard when the breeze came along and upset it and started the wheel spinning. The wind was so hard that one of the wheels is still revolving, and it is impossible to stop it."

LOVE, LET ME WALK WITH YOU.

Love, let me walk with you,
Love, let me climb with you,
While the great stars fill the heaven above
With glimmering majesty.

God giveth the great stars names,
Sweet names we cannot know;
But, Love, when I hear your footstep near,
As light as the air that blows,

They fill all my heart with the joy of light
That is from eternity.
And my soul is glad of their mystic names,
When, Love, you walk with me.

—Hanford C. Judson.

The United States hydrographic survey has begun work in Oklahoma to find out what portion of the state is in need of and capable of the irrigation which the national government has undertaken in the arid regions. The investigation begins in Beaver county and goes west along the Cimarron river to its source in Colorado, thence south through the mountains to the head of the South Canadian, and from there down the South Canadian.

The general supposition that Carnegie is a big stockholder in the Schwab combine, and that he is dropping millions, is a mistake. Carnegie got from under by converting his interests into guaranteed interest-bearing bonds, which bonds he in turn has been converting into securities still more tangible.

Now keep your eye peeled for that new comet with a tail three million miles long. If you can't peel your eye try a good opera glass. In locating it give no heed to the stellar directions of astronomers, but scan the field around the north star about 10 o'clock at night.

That South American revolutionary aggregation are a bloodthirsty lot. After some of their most sanguinary onslaughts of days' duration the dead and wounded on both sides often count up to as many as a dozen.

Water to the amount of \$1,700,000,000 has been squeezed out of stocks held by Wall Street, by liquidation within the year past. One billion seven hundred million was not lost, because it was never made.

The water having subsided and the tracks down in the bottoms having been cleared, we note that the commercial associations of Kansas City are resuming their drum-up excursions about the country.

This section of Kansas has been long on caloric and short on humidity for several days past, greatly to the consternation of the maize propagators.

The Lawrence Gazette in questioning the correctness of the claim that flies spread disease concedes that they propagate profanity.

Wichita's present dream is a pipe dream. She wants gas or oil or both, piped in, or otherwise cheaper coal.

ELINOR'S WAY.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I ought to have remembered." "Don't be so infernally patient," returned her father. Meekness was a trait of her mother's, and that had always irritated him and made him feel blame-worthy.

"Where is the housekeeper?" he inquired presently. "Not up yet? Well, I hope she is getting some beauty sleep—she certainly needs it."

His daughter made no reply, for she saw that he was in an irritable frame of mind. This morning she had wanted to have a nice comfortable chat with him, but his mood made it out of the question.

"By the way," said Judge Caldwell, with a frown, "I don't want the library to be a regular furnace-smoke. I can see in that pane game is more than I can understand, but if you want to play it, for heaven's sake get a table."

"I have ordered one," Elmor replied quietly, "and it will be sent up today."

"The library is the only suitable room to put it in," Judge Caldwell remarked. "I suppose you will take possession. By the way, I wish that you wouldn't let your friends smoke there. Last evening, after young Ramsey had gone, the library was full of stale tobacco smoke. Ramsey is a regular furnace-smoke of cigarettes all the time. He'll never amount to anything—cigarette smokers never do."

"—and he is a gambler, too. I know for a fact that he lost fifty dollars on the Derby. Now I never made a bet in my life, and I have my opinion of men who play the races."

"But, father," Elmor ventured, "Really I am not so fond of the Derby. Ramsey for he was her closest friend, and a really splendid fellow, but she was afraid of betraying herself by saying too much. Elmor was not a girl who had her heart on her sleeve, but she wondered if the pecking of daws could be harder to bear than what she secretly suffered."

"What kind of tea is this?" the Judge asked. "How many times will I have to caution the cook about not letting it boil? The proportions aren't right. There should be four parts of Gooding to one part of green."

"I have sent Madame What's-her-name a check for your new clothes," he observed as he looked over his mail, "and here is her receipted bill. That reminds me," he added, "that I would very much prefer to have you wear high-necked gowns in the future."

"Oh, father," exclaimed Elmor in dismay. "One has to have delicate gowns for dinner parties. They are the only appropriate thing."

"Young people always think they know best," was her father's sententious rejoinder. "But you would, perhaps, feel differently if you were married. No father-club talk about 'to and behold' dresses."

"How vulgar of them!" Elmor murmured, with as stern an expression as her dimples would allow.

Here is a note from Mrs. Van Garde, vouchsafed Judge Caldwell, as he finished perusing the mail. "She invites us to a dinner in honor of that East Indian, Swami Something-or-other."

"Delightful!" Elmor exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "I have heard all about him. He is very poor, and often lives on wild flowers—"

"Do you think that he will eat the floral center-piece?" her father inquired, sarcastically. "You may go if you choose." He went on, "but I prefer to decline. Mrs. Van Garde is a woman who is a little out of her mind."

"I don't think so," Elmor said, who had taken a seat in the car when it is offered to her—in short, she is thoroughly tactless. He would have continued his diatribe had not the butler entered just then to tell Mr. Ramsey that his effusions at the star boarder addresses them to her. One of his masterpieces, entitled, "The Shawl My Mother Wore," is equal if not superior to anything ever written by the immortal poet, Bobby Burns. The boarders at the house where Adolphus visits are going, in the near future, to hire the opera house and let the musical talent of Elmor have an opportunity of hearing once in a while a real, live poet who has heretofore allowed his talents to waste by the roadside.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Reports of three tons of timothy to the acre come from Canadian county.

When the price of potatoes at Shawnee got down to 20 cents the farmers began to hold back the supply for more money.

That car famine on the Oklahoma branch of the Santa Fe simply means that Oklahoma has too much surplus products to ship.

R. S. Howard will be allowed to still live in the First ward at Blackwell, but the city council has voted that he must get his dogs out of the ward.

The Farmers and Merchants' bank at Stroud, has been chartered. It will open for business just as soon as a fine stone bank building can be erected.

A house divided against itself cannot stand. The editors in at least one Oklahoma town are warring a good deal of vital force fighting one another.

Judge T. S. Hunt, of Arapahoe, was down at El Reno the other day, telling about the wheat fields in Custer county that made forty bushels to the acre.

The Stroud Messenger appeals to the people of that town to cut the weeds on their vacant lots. Why not plant them to Bermuda grass and picket the cows on them?

The negro at Kingfisher who slashed John Barr with a razor solved the problem of mobbing negroes. He got up and ran so fast that the mob only got sight of a black streak.

As the days begin to grow hotter and the corn twist up, the grain men figure on the profits of the Oklahoma crop, which seems to have advanced beyond danger from drought.

Delegate Bird S. McGuire is said to be preparing a list of names in Oklahoma to whom he will send Oklahoma's share of garden seeds. He will have 15,000 packages to distribute.

T. N. Athey, of Blackwell, is working up a sentiment in favor of erecting an immense monument over the grave of David L. Payne. Payne's most lasting monument is Oklahoma itself.

The attorney general is looking up the law to see if there is not some way to head off the retiring school boards in Oklahoma that usurp the powers of the incoming boards by making contracts with teachers a year in advance.

George H. Wheeler, of El Reno, lost his barn, horse and other property in the barn by fire. He is a member of the Law and Order League, and he was compelled to come out in the Daily Democrat and deny the rumors that he blamed the origin of the fire on the saloon men.

C. Porter Johnson, of Oklahoma City, says his enemy started that report to the effect that he was about to quit the practice of the law and join the ministry. Considering the action of one preacher in Oklahoma it is a pretty serious thing to charge a respectable attorney with the intention to enter the pulpit.

End Wave: End has a poet; not one of your barn yard poets, but a regular Tom Moore in disguise. This poet's name is Adolphus Drain, and the way he works his poetic tank is a caution. But Adolphus will never get near the height attained by the earlier manufacturers of poetic effusions, because he is in love, regular mid-summer love, the kind that scorches the heart and sears the brain.

Last night at the urgent request of several boarders of the hostelry in which he puts up, he sang several choice selections of his own composing which delighted his audience to such a degree that he was given a unanimous vote of heartfelt thanks. The young lady whom he is in love with is not content with the fact as yet, although she will be, if Adolphus instead of throwing his effusions at the star boarder addresses them to her. One of his masterpieces, entitled, "The Shawl My Mother Wore," is equal if not superior to anything ever written by the immortal poet, Bobby Burns. The boarders at the house where Adolphus visits are going, in the near future, to hire the opera house and let the musical talent of Elmor have an opportunity of hearing once in a while a real, live poet who has heretofore allowed his talents to waste by the roadside.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

A boy was kidnapped by his father at Pratt, the other day. It's a picnic for the boy.

Coffeyville is considering an electric street car line. A short circuit is predicted.

Coffeyville had an auto "busting" Sunday. New machine owners took their first lesson.

An Ellinwood district farmer has just completed his fifty-sixth harvest. Congress, itself, has only gathered in fifty-seven.

"Thirty to fifty girls wanted" at Atchison. This will keep a goodly number of storks busy for the next nine months or a year.

On its initial trip, the fast mail south from Fort Scott left and arrived on time. This is one instance where history will not repeat itself.

The Topeka Capital says that the Mercury is crawling around the one hundred mark again. Somebody should lay for it with a gun.

A big tree meeting is being held at McPherson, with poor attendance. The corn looks too green to commence already to pray for rain.

The farmers of Harvey county are going to co-operate against the Russian fly. The Russian fly bug will be given a "roaster," and must "git."

We notice bees worn medicine advertised. It's nothing new; the boys used to dry the common fly variety in the sun and then rub the "juice" on their legs to make them limber.

The Index declares that wheat will not average much better than twelve bushels to the acre in Barber county. The Socialists will say that's good, but that the average only exists in the mind.

A Salina hotel keeper ordered a man out of his dining room because he wore a shirt waist. That's right; a man who will wear anything more than an under shirt in July ought to be taught better.

The El Dorado Republican cites the fact that hair grows thick on the arm of the man who works with sleeves rolled up to prove that man doesn't have to wear clothes. But maybe some would be bald.

Atchison is the home of 1,500 union men. Add a tablespoonful of discord and several measures of sympathy, then mix thoroughly, and Atchison will be as dead as the deepest buried of the cities of Pompeii.

The extreme punishment in hell is said to be running an engine on the Charcoal Limited from Atchisonville to Appendix-extractor. Those facts are deduced from the fatality in the engine case in southern Kansas.

Coleman, the man who shot Thomas McNeill has everybody in the neighborhood of the Wellington jail in a nervous ferment with his mad boasts and cries. His journey to the asylum should be delayed no longer.

A man went through the state house trying to raise relief funds the other day and was turned down, being called a grafter. The legislature turned the relief auditor down the same way and it was called the grafter.

Topeka Capital: A call has been issued for a meeting of all chagrins of North Central Kansas to be held this week in the park at Topeka where the Epworth Chautauque is in session. Some of the leading chagrins of that section say the gathering promises to be the most successful one on record.

Atchison Globe: When Mrs. Lysander John Appleton calls any one at this office to the telephone the victim who answers greets the signal of distress and another employee hastens to him with a chair, another fans him, and a third prepares to do his work for the next seven hours, while Mrs. Appleton keeps him there.

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The Automobile that's built for service. Will take you anywhere and bring you back.

Handsome, strong and simple. Is scientifically constructed and is practical in every detail.

The many Wichita Automobilists who have examined it pronounce it a dandy and appreciate its many points of superiority over any machine yet seen in Wichita.

Goes up-hill, down-hill, through sand, mud, or any old road. It's eight-horse power gives it strength and it rides like a Pullman.

If you're interested in Automobiles, you must see the "VERACITY."

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We are now getting in the new crop of Upland Prairie Hay. Owing to the dry weather which we have experienced during the past few weeks it is of extra fine quality.

We can furnish any amount in wholesale quantities only. Either baled or in bulk. Prices on application.

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Store Opens 9 A. M. Today

Owing to the crowded condition of our store room and the confusion caused by our extraordinary

..Wonder Sale..

We are compelled to close our store until 9 a. m. Today

Another Case of Wonder Sale Calico Today

Today we place on sale 1,000 yards Shepard Plaid Calicoes, in short lengths, running two to ten yards. These can be matched up so as to get any quantity up to 20 yards; twenty yards being the limit to a customer. Wonder sale price, per yard 2c

Wonder Sale Lawns and Dimities

Fast Colored Lawns and Dimities from 7 to 26 inches wide; worth up to 12½c per yard. Wonder sale 5c

Wonder Sale

Reinforced Muslins, 10 inches wide. These run from six to ten yards in a piece. Wonder sale price, 6 yards, 5c; 12 yards lengths at 69c

Wonder Sale Pillow Tops

These are high art Deco Pillow Tops; worth 2c. Wonder sale 10c

Wonder Sale

Furniture Covering, heavy rep velvet, faced beautiful designs; worth 12½c. These are seconds and are slightly imperfect. Wonder sale price, per yard 48c

5 Cent Wonders

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|----|----------------------|----|
| Elmor Handled Tea Strainers | 5c | Large Tin Grater | 5c |
| Wonder Sale | | Wonder Sale | |
| Pudding Pans, heavy tin | 5c | Long Handle Tin Cup | 5c |
| Wonder Sale | | Wonder Sale | |
| Por Lids, any size | 5c | Elmor Handle Tracing | 5c |
| Wonder Sale | | Wheel, Wonder Sale | |
| Potato Mashers | 5c | Dover Egg Beater | 5c |
| Wonder Sale | | Wonder Sale | |
| Heavy Glass Tumblers | 5c | Large Tin Oil Can | 5c |
| Wonder Sale, 1 for | | Wonder Sale | |
| Shoe Hammer | 5c | Chopping Knife | 5c |
| Wonder Sale | | Wonder Sale | |

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